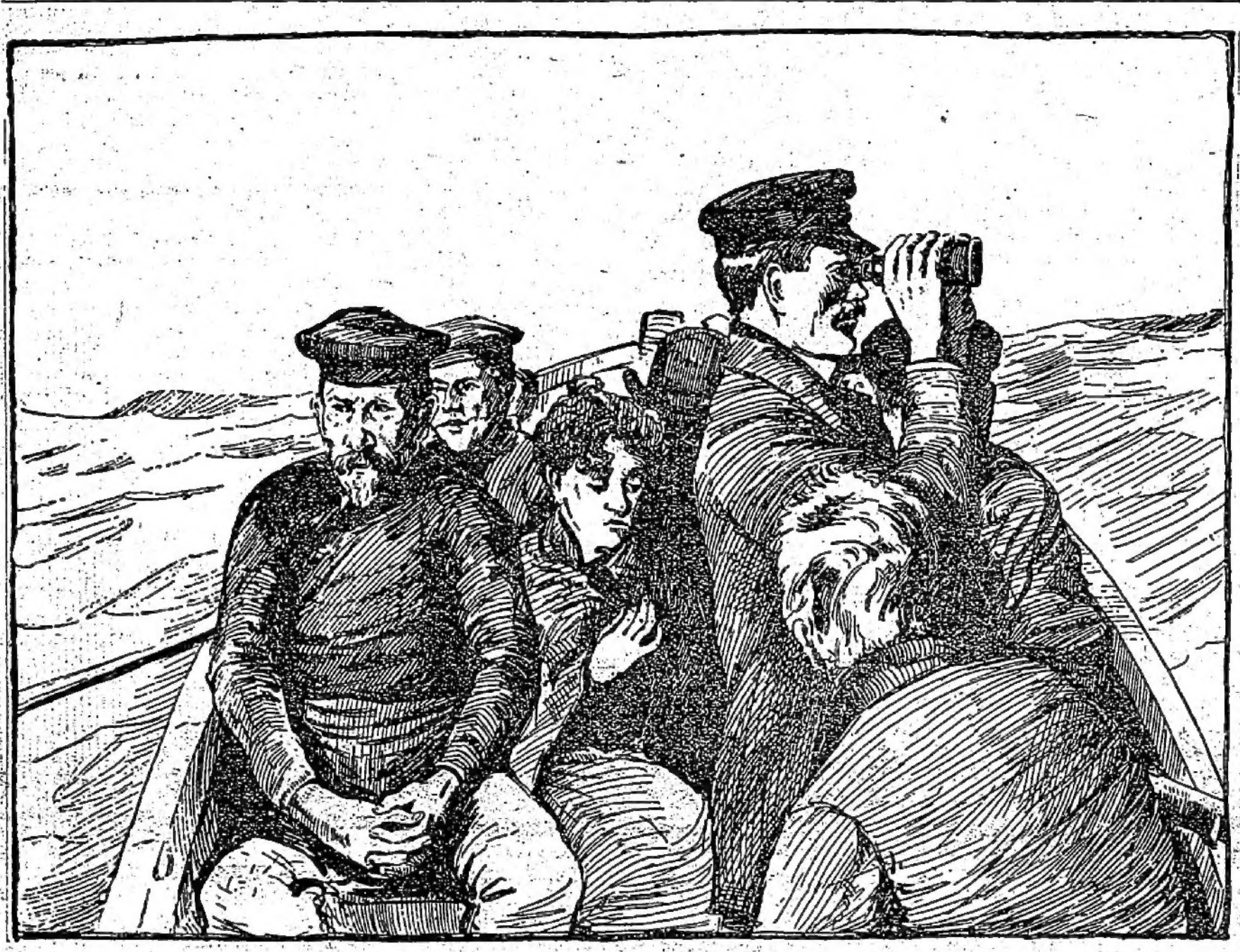
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 45 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 10, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



LOST AT SEA!

ADRIFT IN A LIFE-BOAT, AWAITING A RAY OF HOPE AMID THE CLOUDS OF DESPAIR.

—'Leslie's Weekly.'

'Is Not This the Christ?'

(By Levi Johnson, in 'The Occident.')

While on a missionary tour recently along the coast of South-western Oregon, I stopped in a little town over night at the end of one of the stage lines, and held a meeting in the little church, which I found was open to ministers of all denominations. The attendance at the meeting was good, and the interest manifested by the people was refreshing to one accustomed to meeting with a good deal of indifference in a sparsely settled country where preachers are few and far between.

I noticed in the audience a man I had met before, and in whom I had more than a passing interest. I had learned a little of his history and knew him to be intelligent and honest, a man of broad and generous views, respected by everybody who knew him, and yet so quiet and unassuming that I did not know whether he had any positive religious convictions or not. I learned that he was stopping at the hotel a few days while attending to business, and I determined if possible to have a private conversation with him.

So after the meeting was over and I had taken leave of the friends in the church, I started for the hotel, and found my friend had already arrived there and was seated before the open fireplace quietly enjoying the warmth, and, as I hoped, meditating on the sermon he had just listened to. Being slightly acquainted it was a simple matter to engage him in conversation, and I found him very interesting. In a little while I managed to turn the conversation to religious things, and to my surprise found my friend even more interesting in the realm of religious thought than in commonplace affairs; and I listened attentively while he told me his story; how he had been led out of the mists of scepticism to believe in the Christ, the Saviour of the world. I shall give the story as nearly as I can recall it in his own words.

'When I was a boy I developed a fondness for reading. I read history, travel, poetry and biography. I loved 'Shakespeare,' 'Emerson' and 'Irving,' but had a prejudice against the Bible. A few years ago I went with a company of miners prospecting among the hills of Southern Oregon. We built a cabin and prepared to spend the winter. The need of something to read did not occur to me until the stormy weather compelled us to stay indoors the greater part of the time. An investigation revealed the unwelcome fact that all we had to read in the camp was an old, well-worn copy of the Bible, in the gripsack of one of my companions. There was nothing else to read and read I must; so I determined to read the Bible, and not knowing any more interesting place to begin I began at the beginning.

'I was delighted with some of the characters in the book. I studied Moses, and wondered at his meekness, coupled with his executive ability in the wonderful organization which he perfected; the completeness and comprehensiveness of his ten commandments, covering as it seemed to me the whole of man's duty to man, as well as man's duty to God; the mysteries of the sacrifices and the ritual service. I was interested in David because of his keen sense of justice and his ever-present sense of his personal responsibility to God. I greatly admired Solomon's wisdom and Nehemiah's devotion and singleness of purpose. I was overcome with a sense of the shallowness of my own life as I contrasted it with the intensity and unselfishness of Peter and Paul after their conversion.

'But when I came to study the life of Jesus Christ, I said, Surely here is a character different from all the rest; yes, different from any I have ever met, either in history, fiction, poetry, drama, biography or actual experience. This character is surely worthy the profound study of every mind. I studied his birth and early life, and confessed to myself my inability to under-

stand the mysteries of his advent and the blending of his human and divine nature. I was intensely interested in his baptism and temptation in the wilderness; how he met and conquered the three great temptations, the world, the flesh, and the devil. I was thrilled with the beauty, the grandeur and sublimity of his Sermon on the Mount.

'I marvelled at the choice of his disciples, so unlike what ordinary or even extraordinary men would do; instead of selecting men of influence, men of means or even educated men, he chose for the most part simple-hearted, toiling fishermen. I followed him in his tours through the country, preaching, teaching, healing and helping. I noticed how bitterly he denounced everything having the form but lacking the spirit of devotion and service; how he scorned the pretending Scribe and Pharisee, and yet how tenderly he forgave and encouraged the erring ones who repented of their sins and folly. I watched the growth of prejudice against him; how bitter the enmity grew among those who should have been his best friends, until it culminated in the arrest, brought about by one of his chosen followers; the mock trial, the shameful, cowardly sentence by Pilate, the cruel crucifixion, the triumphant resurrection, the final instructions to his followers and the glorious ascension, with his own promise repeated by the heavenly messengers, that he would come again in like manner as they had seen him go away.

'I then followed the disciples in the organization of the church, and saw how they were met on every side with persecution, just as he had told them; and I said to myself, "Is not this the Christ?" I can not account for this man, only by believing he was what he claimed to be, the Divine Son of God, the Redeemer of the world.'

We sat for a time in silence, watching the slowly fading fire. I looked at the clock on the mantel; it was almost midnight. I remembered the stage started for home at an early hour in the morning. I arose and bade my friend good night, expressing the hope to meet him soon again and hear more from him on the same subject. I went to bed with this thought uppermost in my mind: 'He preached a better sermon than I did.'

Jim's Conversion.

(Bewley F. Weaver, in 'Sunday Companion.')

In the centre of a wide coal-mining district stands the town of D——. My brother and self were conducting a three-weeks' mission. It was a time of Divine visitation, and scores of souls had publicly confessed Christ. Great interest and curiosity had been aroused.

Amongst the audience the second Sunday night, to the amazement of many, was Jim S——, a noted character in the district. He was a ferret-raiser, pigeon-breeder, and dog-fancier, with depots all over the country. He had often mocked those attending the services, and even got a chair, imitating the preacher, amidst the laughter of his ungodly companions.

As the after-meeting commenced, to our surprise he remained, and when spoken to said: 'Mon, I canna gang. I must be saved to-night.' We gathered quietly around him in wrestling and believing prayer. We prayed from a quarter to nine to a quarter to ten unceasingly. He was in intense agony. We prayed from a quarter to ten to a quarter to eleven, and exactly at 11.45 Jim dropped on his knees, with a flood of tears, and with a broken voice began to sing, 'I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,' &c.; and then in holy rapture cried, 'Glory be to God! The long-expected day's arrived. I'm saved!'

Afterwards from the Word we showed him his standing in Jesus Christ, counselling him to testify for God in the coal-pit, and promising to call and see him the next day. On the morrow at noon (he was on the morning shift) we called to see his father, a godly local preacher amongst the Methodists. We said to him:

'Have you heard of Jim's conversion?'

As the tears rolled down his face he replied:

'Thank God, I have! He was here until nearly two o'clock praising God; but his wife is in a sad way, and thinks he has lost his reason, and is wanting to see you.'

Over the way we went, and his wife opened the door with a careworn face, and greeted us with, 'Oh, Mr. Weaver, I am glad you have come. Jim's clean gone off his head. He has done nothing but praise God all night.' I said to her, 'Where is he?' And with tears she answered, 'He's in the front room. He has been there ever since five o'clock this morning, having a prayer-meeting all to himself.'

As we passed into the room Jim jumped up to greet us, his very face aglow with heaven-given sunshine. The poor fellow had not a Bible in the house, but he had 'The Life of Billy Bray,' and he was reading it, and the pages were wet with the teardrops of the penitent.

Clasping his manly collier's hand, I said: 'Well, Jim, how is it?'

His face filled with joy as he said: 'Eh, mon, it were good last night, but it's better this morning. I'm that happy I'm fit to burst with joy.'

We got on our knees and began to pray, and his wife and child began to cry for mercy. Soon light dawned, and they found peace in Jesus.

On the following Sunday it was laid very definitely upon our hearts to let Jim give his testimony. Never shall I forget his rising after my brother had sung 'He pardoned a rebel like me.' He trembled from head to foot. He was visibly affected.

He was in a tremor of enthusiasm in his first love. Amidst sobs he said: 'You all know me, Jim S——, the dog-fancier. I have depots in nearly every big town, but I have written and told them Jim's saved.' He could get no further, but the work was done. The result was God-glorifying, for some seventeen of his collier companions knelt in penitence in tears.

That night we were in that meeting until midnight dealing with the anxious ones. Three or four years have passed now; but Jim has stood the test, and is now a stalwart Christian.

Revival in Villages.

Mr. T. S. Heley, who has long labored among the villages and out-of-the-way places of England, recently said: 'I feel that we need to give the people God's messages and invitations, direct from the Bible. People have said to me: "Do you only quote texts?" Yes, very often I have only quoted texts.

'I remember giving a text one day from a pony trap outside a small cluster of houses. A year later I passed by the same spot. A man came out and said, "Do you remember speaking here last year? Well, my daughter, who was lying ill, heard your message and was converted. She has since gone to heaven." Another man came out and said, "Do you remember speaking here last year? A relation of mine who was lying ill was converted through it. She recovered and is still serving the Lord."

'The words "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' have proved the salvation of many. I remember giving it to an old man in an almshouse. Seven years later while in that district a woman said to me, "That text," referring to the one mentioned," "was the means of my father's conversion." She showed me his Bible. It was the man I had spoken to years before, and he had drawn three pencil lines round the words. I gave the daughter a text, and she, too, accepted Christ.

'Such means may be thought humble, but I believe the words of Jesus, "The words that I have spoken unto you they are spirit and they are life." Let the people have God's messages direct.'—'The Revival.'

In Everything Give Thanks.

(By Hannah M. Gee, in 'Morning Star.')

['In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.']

In everything give thanks, my God? Ah, no!
The mandate is too stern;
For 'everything' means all of weal or woe—
That task I cannot learn.

Must I give thanks to Thee, O God! on bed of pain,
When quivering lip
Is wreathed with anguish, and those less loved of Thee
Life's nectar sip?

Must I rejoice when cherished plans and brightest hopes
Like broken reeds lie low,
And all my longed-for pleasures, still ungrasped.
Like phantoms go?

Can I give thanks to Thee when poverty's grim face
Peers into mine,
Abides with me, and all the riches of a thousand hills,
My God, art Thine?

'In everything give thanks?' When earthly friends have flown
Like summer birds,
And I the wine-press of my grief must tread alone?
Nor tender words

To break the weary silence of a longing heart
Alone in grief?
I turn me to Thy word, scarce reconciled, in part
To find relief,

And read, 'In everything give thanks; it is God's will.'
Thy will is mine;
Thy tender presence shall my poor heart fill
With love divine

So to the sheltering rock I flee for peace and rest—
Secure am I;
Come storm or sunshine, I am fully blest
If Thou art nigh.

All things together work for good, if Thou approve
And deem it right,
And 'I can do all things,' secure in Jesus' love,
Clad in Thy might.

My 'light afflictions' only for a moment do I see—
Uplift my voice!
'A more exceeding weight of glory is in store for me.'
Therefore will I rejoice,

BOYS AND GIRLS

John Geddie.

(By the Rev. Alfred Gandier, M.A., B.D., Halifax, in 'The Westminster.'

In turning our attention to the growing passion of the Church for world-wide evangelization, we at once call to mind certain men who were the fathers and founders of the present foreign missionary movement. We think of Ziegenbalg, Schwartz and Zinzendorf on the Continent, of Carey in England, of Brainerd and Judson in America, and of Geddie in Nova Scotia. Perhaps no one of these men had greater obstacles to overcome, or, on the whole, accomplished a greater work, than did John Geddie, pioneer missionary to the New Hebrides, and first representative of a colonial church in the foreign field.

John Geddie was born at Banff, Scotland, on April 10, 1815. His father, after whom he was named, was a man of deep religious life and missionary zeal. A clockmaker by trade, he at one time had as apprentice a lad named James Morrison, who afterwards became an influential minister in London, and was for many years a director of the London Missionary Society. His mother was Mary Menzies, of a pious Secession family who lived on the banks of the Deveron, about seven miles from Banff, and it is worthy of note that Milne, afterward missionary to China, lived for a time as farm servant in her father's house.

When their son, John, was but a few days old he was taken with an illness so severe that life was despaired of; and then, as the parents besought the Lord for the life of the child, they together vowed that, if he were spared to them, they would devote him to the service of the God of missions to work among the heathen. The parents did not tell the son of this solemn dedication and he knew it not until after he had chosen his life work and was appointed to the South Seas. And who will say that the parental vow and the missionary tidings with which Dr. Morrison kept the Geddies' home supplied were not responsible for the desire that awoke in the boy's mind at an early age to go abroad with the message of salvation to those who had not heard it?

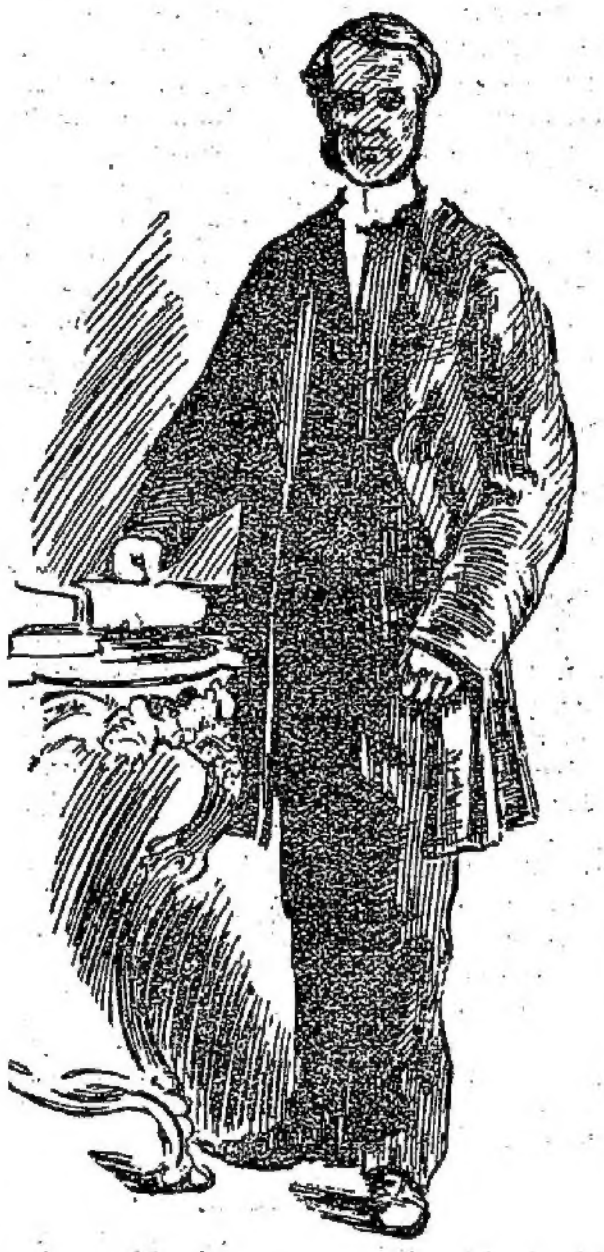
When John was but a year old his parents migrated to Pictou, Nova Scotia. He received his education at the Pictou grammar school and academy, and afterwards studied theology under Dr. Thomas McCulloch. As a boy he gave little indication of the courage, daring, and ability that he was yet to manifest. Says his biographer, 'Seldom has a more timid, shrinking little creature been thrown into the work and play of a public school.' He showed little inclination for those rougher sports of his companions which involved severe physical effort. His school-fellows were fond of him, but looked upon him in a half-condescending sort of way, and thought and spoke of him as 'little Johnnie Geddie.'

'Shrinking from the rougher play of the boys outside the school, and cowering before the glance of the master within,' he was not the boy we would expect to be the father of the man, who, with wife and little children braved the dangers of unknown seas, made his home in a far island of the Pacific amongst the fiercest cannibal savages, and more than once flung himself alone and unarmed between opposing warriors to stay the rage of battle.

But things are not always what they seem. The lad had a frame wiry and enduring, a purpose resolute and determined, a courage born not of the flesh but of the Spirit.

There was nothing especially remarkable about his career either in academy or college, nothing to indicate ability beyond the average. But in the mind and heart of 'little Johnnie Geddie' there was a great thought; and great thoughts—not brilliant scholarship and surface cleverness—make great men. It is by thinking the thoughts of God that men become great, and early in the life of John Geddie, even before he was licensed to preach, which took place when he was just twenty-two years of age, a thought from God had possessed his mind—a thought new and startling to his contemporaries.

When Geddie was licensed, in 1837, it is not likely that there was a minister in the



REV. JOHN GEDDIE,
Pioneer Missionary to the New Hebrides.

provinces who did not believe it to be the Church's duty to evangelize the world. But the idea of a colonial church, just struggling into existence, itself in need of men and money, undertaking a mission of its own to some heathen land, seems to have entered no mind but that of Geddie. To him first came the thought, evidently inspired of God, that no church, however small, however hampered, for lack of ministers to fill its home fields, has any right to consider itself a true Church of Christ until it undertakes upon its own responsibility some work among those who have not yet heard the gospel.

The most important service rendered by Mr. Geddie to the Church of Christ was not the work which he himself afterward accomplished in the New Hebrides, grand and glorious as this was, but his emphasizing the idea that not merely the mother churches, but colonial churches, struggling for a foothold in new lands, ought to engage directly in foreign mission work; and his proving that they could do so through the action of his own Church.

Nothing better reveals the greatness of this humble-minded man, and the power of the truth which possessed his mind, than the fact that he, a young man, with no position of influence in the Church, with reason, common sense, and the interests of the Church at home, apparently against him, in a few years succeeded in leading a majority of the synod to think as he did.

The Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia with which Mr. Geddie was connected, consisted at that time of thirty congregations, small and poor. There was but little money in circulation. The stipends of the ministers were small, mostly paid in produce and always in arrears. There were home mission fields all about, for which the Church had neither men nor money. A sufficient supply of ministers could not be obtained from Scotland, and money was greatly needed to equip a college for the training of a native ministry. Was it not folly to talk of supporting a foreign missionary when but few congregations seemed able to pay their own ministers? Why send men away when they are so much needed at home, and why spend money in sending men away that ought to be spent in training men for the needy fields at home?

It would be difficult to tell how many times the words 'beginning at Jerusalem' and 'charity begins at home' were flung at Geddie. But he was ready to meet all objections that could be urged. He argued that instead of a foreign mission injuring any home interest it would promote them all—that while in natural economics saving was acquiring, and spending involved losing, in spiritual economics the reverse held: 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.' He held that the backward state of things at home might be the result of this not looking more to interests abroad, and that a wider beneficence that looked to the interests of those beyond would be returned in rich blessing upon the Church in all her measures at home.

Settled as pastor of Cavendish and New London, his influence was soon felt throughout the whole of Prince Edward Island, and in July, 1843, that presbytery presented an overture to the synod. One year later the victory was won. The little synod of less than thirty ministers all told, which met at Pictou in the summer of 1844, decided to enter upon foreign mission work and appointed a committee. In 1845 it was decided to establish a mission somewhere in the South Seas—New Hebrides or New Caledonia group—and John Geddie was appointed first missionary.

On Nov. 30, 1846, Mr. and Mrs. Geddie sailed from Halifax, the first foreign missionaries to be sent forth on the sole responsibility of a colonial church. Dr. Belcher, a Baptist, who was present at the farewell meeting, said that the circumstance of a church in so young and so poor a country undertaking a mission to the heathen was, he believed, unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church.

In those days to travel from Nova Scotia to the New Hebrides meant time, toil, and exposure to countless hardships and perils. No railways crossed the continent, nor did swift steamships plough the waters of the Pacific. 'Eight tempestuous days were spent between Halifax and Boston. In

a small American whaler our missionaries doubled Cape Horn, and reached the Sandwich Islands. For three long weeks their little brig battled for life with the tremendous storms at the Cape, and their case often seemed hopeless; but at length they reached sunny seas and favoring breezes, and in 170 days from New England, found themselves the happy guests of the American Board's missionaries at Honolulu.' From the Sandwich Islands Mr. Geddie obtained a passage to Samoa, a voyage of 38 days. Here he spent some time in happy fellowship with the agents of the London Missionary Society, and in planning his future campaign.

The Rev. Thomas Powell, of Samoa, accompanied the Geddies in the 'John Williams' to the New Hebrides, and remained with them in the work for one year. After a voyage of observation through the group, it was decided to settle on Aneityum, the most southerly of the islands. This island is about forty miles in circumference,

A CHIEF OF ANEITYUM.

of volcanic origin, mountainous and picturesque. It is surrounded by a coral reef, which at one place, Anelcauhat, forms a safe and beautiful harbor.

The missionaries being left alone on this island home, Mr. Geddie writes, 'We now felt for the first time, something of the stern realities of missionary life, cut off as we were from the endeared society of Christian friends, and surrounded by a degraded and barbarous people. But though severed now from those with whom we could take sweet counsel we were not alone. O, no! I believe that we have his presence at whose command we have come hither, and whose promise is, 'Lo, I am with you always.'

The first work was to build a house, then a small chapel and school-room. Geddie was peculiarly fitted for a work among a barbarous people, by reason of the mechanical genius he had inherited from his father, and the knowledge of house-building, boat-building, printing, and medicine which he had acquired before leaving Nova Scotia.

But he found it easier to build house and chapel than to reach the natives. It would be impossible to imagine a people lower in the moral and social scale than were the natives of Aneityum and the other islands of the group as Geddie found them. Their religion was little more than a constant terror of evil spirits whom they sought in various ways to propitiate. In some of the islands human sacrifices were offered. Widows were strangled or buried alive with their dead husbands. Infanticide was common. Cannibalism was as universal as war. Petty tribes separated from each other by a mountain or a stream treated each other as deadly foes, to be slain and eaten. Falsehood, theft, treachery, cruelty, bloodshed, licentiousness were matters of such common occurrence as to excite no comment. All society was a dead sea of pollution.

The toil, the loneliness, the danger, the hair-breadth escapes, the disappointment, the heart-sickening disgust, of those first years, during which the Geddies were alone on Aneityum, will never be known. We have time but to glance at results and cry, 'Behold what God hath wrought.'

In May, 1852, a church was formed on the island, the first in the New Hebrides, the first among the Oceanic Negro, or Papuan race. Fifteen were baptized. When, after an absence of two years and eight months, the 'John Williams' revisited the island, the deputation were astonished at the progress made, and reported that it would have been remarkable had there been two or three missionaries on the island.

After twelve years' labor, during eight of which he had been assisted by the Rev. John Inglis, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who was stationed at Epege, on the opposite side of the island, he could point to the language reduced to writing, thousands of copies of lesson books and religious leaflets printed in it and circulated; the New Testament translated; sixty schools in operation, two thousand of the people taught to read, the whole population, amounting to nearly four thousand outwardly transformed; the Sabbath as well observed as in Scotland; family worship general, two church buildings erected, in which one thousand persons assembled every Sabbath, and over three hundred communicants. This among a people the most savage, absolutely illiterate, sunk in the most debasing superstitions and vices of heathenism, is one of the 'miracles of missions.'

When leaving the island, which he had found fifteen years before wholly given up to idolatry, he had sought for some of the old idols to bring home as curiosities, but, as he said in a meeting at Toronto, 'I could find no God on the whole island but the God who made heaven and earth.'

In accordance with this testimony is that now world-famous inscription on the memorial tablet in the church at Aneityum:—'When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen.'

Nor was this all. Many Aneityumese were trained for teachers, and sent to other islands. The fame of Aneityum, and what the gospel had wrought, spread throughout the group, so that the natives everywhere clamored for missionaries, and had men been forthcoming at the time the history of every island in the group might have been similar to that of Aneityum. The churches at home were slow to move, and thus missed golden opportunities. But in time the report of Geddie's work began to tell. Other missionaries followed from Canada, among them the martyred Gordons. Missionaries came also from the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and from the churches of Australia and New Zealand.

The New Hebrides is now cared for by twenty or more missionaries, and with the exception of one or two larger islands to the north, the people are largely Christianized.

Presbyterians in the Maritime Provinces had the honor of being the first colonial church to undertake a mission to the heathen solely on its own responsibility. They began work in the New Hebrides, organized the first Christian church among a new branch of the human family, and incited the churches near at hand to care for them.

The influence of this work of the Church at home was all that Geddie's faith had claimed it would be. Sir William Dawson, in a recent article, says: 'In Nova Scotia the New Hebrides mission was as life from the dead, as I had occasion to know in visiting

A NEW HEBRIDES GOD NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

different parts of the province a few years after Dr. Geddie left. Congregations which had felt no practical interest in anything beyond their own limits were soon aglow with zeal for the work in the New Hebrides, and felt besides a new stimulus to Christian work at home.'

John Geddie led the Church in self-denying effort for perishing savages in far distant lands, and this served to deepen her sympathies, raise her to a higher plane of Christian thought, broaden her views of work and duty, and thus intensify her interest in and liberality towards every department of the Lord's work. A Church whose sons were ready to lay down their lives for Christ on foreign shores, a Church whose missionaries could tell of conquests among heathen as glorious as any related by Paul to the Christians at Antioch, a Church that had been baptised with the blood of her own martyrs, was not likely to

suffer in the home departments of her work.

After twenty-four years of intense strain and incessant activity Dr. Geddie was compelled in 1872, owing to failing health, to resign his work and say farewell to the island and the people whom he loved so dearly. Toward the close of the same year he died at Geelong, Australia.

His term of active service in the field was a bare half-century, but his spirit lives and works to-day in every missionary of the New Hebrides, and in every foreign mission field of our Canadian Church.

Jack Merrick's Victory.

(By Mrs. Henry Crewe, in 'Light in the Home.')

William Brunt stood in the doorway of his neat little workshop, that faced the street.

The ruddy evening light fell upon him as he stood there holding in his hand a flat block of wood that he was carefully inspecting and turning over and over, evidently reflecting if it was quite suited to the purpose for which it was intended.

His was a face that was read in a moment. Kindness, steadfastness of purpose, trustfulness, looked out of his clear eyes, and the glow of health was on his cheek.

Was it the bright evening sunbeam flashing across the piece of wood that made him suddenly raise his head, to encounter the look of another workman of about his own age, who, pipe in mouth, had stopped a moment to watch him as he was sauntering by?

The new-comer had, unlike William Brunt, already laid aside his working jacket, made himself smart, and fastened a bright red rose in his buttonhole.

'Good evening,' nodded William. ''Tis a fine evening for a walk,' he went on, still contemplating his piece of wood.

'That it is,' replied James Merrick. 'I don't see what you're sticking here for after hours,' he added in a contemptuous tone; 'why don't ye turn out?'

'Oh'—with a good-humored laugh—'so long as 'tis light enough I work, and the missus she's busy for a bit, washing up, but when she has finished we'll take a turn together.'

James Merrick's face darkened for a moment. He and Ready Bill, as his companion was called in the village, where he was a universal favorite in consequence of his being ever ready to lend a helping hand to a neighbor, had never been friends, and though Bill never slighted James, still he did not seek the company of one who, though clever and strong like himself, was naturally idle, never went to a place of worship, and spent many of his evening hours in the public-house.

James, on the other hand, was envious of the steady fellow-workman who worked with himself under the same master, a cabinet-maker, and latterly he owed him a double grudge for having married the girl he himself had asked to be his wife, and who refused him for the better man.

Doggedly he followed Bill a step or two within the workshop, without speaking.

'Are ye going in for the Art Competition?' asked Bill carelessly, to break the silence.

'Not if I knows it,' rejoined James. 'We slave hard enough without that sort of thing.' Then suddenly, 'Are you going in for it?'

'Yes, I am.'

'Want to get a prize, eh?'

'I'll try my chance with the others,' replied Bill mildly, at the same moment taking out a saw; and having fixed his piece of wood in the proper position he began sawing off slice after slice, as thin almost as a sheet of brown paper.

Soon James became interested in his proceedings.

'What are you going to make?' he asked eagerly.

Bill hesitated for a moment. He wished to keep his secret to himself; still, 'twas selfish, perhaps.

'Only a stand,' he said, 'for a teapot or a vase.'

'A stand, with thin wood like that?'

'It's for wood-mosaic.'

'Wood-mosaic?'

Then Bill had reluctantly to explain to his now eager listener how he had learnt this inlaying from a French workman, and had been practising it in his spare time.

'And that's for the Art Competition, eh?'

'Yes, if I can get it done in time.'

'Now you're going to teach me how it's done.' And James Merrick hastily drew off his coat, rose and all, and sitting close by gave his full attention to every action of his companion.

Bill spoke but little. Taking from a shelf two or three pots of different-colored stain, which he had prepared—red, blue, green and violet—he carefully laid a fragile sheet of wood in each one, to the surprise of his companion, who was as yet ignorant of what his work was going to be.

'There! you can abide till to-morrow,' he half muttered to himself; it was a beginning anyhow, and there is an old English saying, 'Well begun half done.'

Bill's wife was not a little surprised, on entering her husband's workshop a few minutes later, to find James Merrick seated beside him for the first time since they had been married. But she bade him brightly 'Good evening,' and then told her husband she was qute ready for their walk.

Bill dropped his saw in a moment. 'No more work till to-morrow, Mary,' he said. Then opening a drawer he carefully laid the one sheet of wood he had reserved to be unstained within it, and turned to go with his wife.

James pulled on his coat. 'You'll teach me how to do it all, won't you?' he said, in so friendly a tone that Bill almost reproached himself for not having been kinder to him. 'You'll let me look in again to-morrow?'

Bill gave his consent. It came slowly, but it did come. 'Perhaps it might be of profit to you some day—who can tell?'

The three separated at the cottage door. Bill and his wife to enjoy the still beauty of that summer evening, with thankful hearts to God for all the blessings He had given them, and James, instead of turning in to the Red Cow, to go straight to his home, select from among his blocks of wood one exactly similar to that which Bill had chosen for his piece of work, and to saw it to the required thickness, having been careful to take the exact dimensions whilst in Bill's workshop.

Nor had he forgotten to note the colors of the stain. This, too, he prepared, and when all was in readiness the several pieces were laid in their various receptacles, and though the hour was late when he went to rest that nght, there was a look of satisfaction in his face that it had not worn for many and many a day.

Every evening from that time forth until Ready Bill had entirely completed the piece of work upon which he was engaged, James Merrick might be seen sitting in the workshop of the former, not only carefully noting all that his companion did, but himself practising on odd bits of wood which he had brought with him, learning to saw out the patterns, and to do the fitting and varnishing in the most correct way. Bill could not but be interested in so apt a pupil, and more than once commended him.

Nor was James idle at home. Every spare moment of early morning and after hours he was busy in his own room, working silently on.

The eve of the day on which all competition work was to be sent in had arrived.

Bill had but a few moments before shown his wife his beautifully finished, artistic piece of workmanship, and lookng at it with just pride stood paper in hand about to pack it up, when James Merrick entered the workshop. His face was flushed, and he carried a parcel in his hand.

'I want to show you something,' he said in an excited tone, and quickly unwrapping the parcel he laid before Bill's astonished eyes a tea-stand in wood-mosaic, identical in colors, size, and pattern with his own.

'You said you did not intend to compete,' remarked Bill, at the same time criticising very minutely the really good piece of work before him.

'I changed my mind when I saw what you were doing. What do ye think of it?' At the same moment seeing Bill's tea-stand lying in front of him, James snatched it up.

'You'll get the prize,' he burst out in angry tones, 'and I who have slaved so hard all this last——' He paused for want of breath.

'Yours is very well done,' said Bill, quietly and truthfully—'very well done.'

'No, it ain't, not beside yours. I've a mind to smash it to pieces.'

'Don't take on like that, James. 'Tis most clever, when I think that you had never seen nor learnt anything of it a fortnight back.'

James drew a long breath, then a sudden light flashed in his eyes.

'Well, I'll take it up to the hall, and I can carry yours up too,' he added, with trembling hand laying hold of Bill's stand.

'Will ye, though? That's real kind of you.'

Then Bill took down a sheet of brown paper, wrote his motto carefully upon the back of it, and having dried the ink, gave yet another look at his work, and after folding it first in soft white paper laid it in the brown sheet and packed it neatly.

For a moment his eyes wandered to a shelf above his head, but James Merrick, guessing what he sought, said quickly, 'Never mind the twine; I've got to tie up my own, I'll do them both together, they'll be all right.'

Bill handed him the parcel. 'It is real kind of you,' he repeated; 'the missus has been busy washing all day, and I shall be glad to help her clean up a bit. Good night, James;' and, as the two stood for a moment beneath the doorway, Bill Brunt held out his hand for the first time since he had known him, and gave his fellow-workman a hearty shake.

Having tied up and deposited the parcels at the hall in the neighboring town, where the Art Exhibition was to be held, James Merrick turned homewards with a triumphant glance. Yet even as he neared his home the expression on his face altered. Something appeared to trouble him. For a single instant he hesitated on reaching his own door, then turned his steps in the direction of the Red Cow. Once there, on being chaffed by his boon companions for his long absence, in excited mood, he treated them all-round, and sat drinking until a late hour of the night.

Feeling weak and wretched, he never crept out of his bed until long after the chimes had called the worshippers to service on the following day. The good Sunday dinner prepared for him by the kind old widow with whom he lodged remained uneaten. Toward evening he slunk away through a lane that led at the back of the Brunts' cottage.

The church bells again chimed out as he reached a spot from whence he could see it without being perceived by its inmates.

At that moment Ready Bill was in the act of locking his door, whilst Mary, neat and trim, stood beside him. 'They're off to church,' muttered James to himself, on watching them move from the door. Scarcely had he turned back in the lane, however, when he heard Bill's cheery voice behind him. It had not occurred to him that the couple would take that way round to church.

'Good evening, James.'

There was nothing for it but to stand and respond in a 'Good evening,' sullenly spoken.

The couple were both struck by his appearance. Unkempt, and in his working clothes, he presented a striking contrast to the smart young man he generally showed himself on Sundays.

'Are you not well?' they both asked, almost in the same breath.

'Oh! I'm right enough. Going to your church, I suppose?'—with a slight sneer.

'Yes, James'—then, with a sudden impulse, 'I wish you were going with us.'

'I couldn't go if I wanted to'—glancing for a moment at his own clothing; 'but I don't want to,' he added doggedly.

'Well, perhaps you may another day,' said Bill kindly; 'but, Mary, we must go-on.'

James did not appear to notice Bill's remark to himself, only nodding sulkily as they turned to go.

'There's something the matter with that man, Bill'—and Mary looked up gravely into her husband's face so soon as James was out of earshot.

''Tis the drink, Mary, nothing more,' replied Bill. 'He was at the Red Cow last night, I heard 'em say, and not having been there for a fortnight it has told upon him.'

''Tis not the drink only, I'm sure,' she answered, with the woman's quicker insight. 'He's got something on his mind.' Her husband looked thoughtful as he listened. 'Yes, Bill,' she went on; 'you just go in and see him a bit, if he don't come up in a day or two. Maybe he'd tell it you.'

'I will, Mary, if you wish it.'

Three days passed over, and James Merrick did not show himself at the Brunts' home. His manner during this time was strange and fitful. His old landlady, for whom he had previously often had a kind word or a joke, could not understand him. At times he would sit through the evening without speaking, his face buried in his hands. At other times, violently excited, he would swear at her for no reason, and then take himself off to the Red Cow. 'Poor soul! he's going mad,' she would say to herself. 'Lord, help him!'

Bill kept his word, and on entering the widow's cottage one evening found James alone. He was pacing the little room, his arms crossed, his face looking worn and sad. 'I've come to see how you're getting on, James.'

The other started, yet quickly offered him a seat. 'I'm all right,' he said.

There was a moment's pause, then Bill got up and closed the door behind him. 'The missus says you've something on your mind, James, and if I could help you——'

'How does she know?' gasped the other, trembling violently.

'She don't know, only she thought you might like to talk to me a bit.'

For a few moments James walked up and down the little room in silence, then pulled a chair close up to Bill.

'I have something on my mind,' he said, 'but I can't tell it; least of all to you.'

'Can't ye? Well, I might have helped you; but there, if you won't tell me, you might, perhaps, just say a quiet prayer, and that would help ye most of all.'

'I don't never say any prayers.'

Bill felt, alas! that this was true. What could he do for him? Long and earnestly he continued to try and speak comfort to his companion, and when about to leave his last words spoken were: 'I'll tell ye what, James, the missus and I will both pray for ye, that we will, with all our might. There's three days to Sunday; now you'll think over all I've said, and you'll go to church with us that day, just to see how you like it. We'll call and fetch you, eh?'

James gave no assent, only shook Bill's proffered hand, and looking after him with saddened gaze, murmured, 'There was never a better cove than Ready Bill.'

Sunday evening came round, and when the Brunts, true to their word, called at James Merrick's home, to their no small pleasure they found him ready to start with them.

He scarcely spoke as they walked along together, and entered the sacred building with timid look and faltering step. Yet he listened attentively to service and sermon, but parted from his kind friends at the church door without a word beyond 'Good night.'

Would he come again? the Brunts asked themselves. They earnestly hoped and prayed that he might do so.

The Art Exhibition remained open for more than a week. Opinions differed as to the taste and execution of the objects displayed, many of which were purchased, amongst them being both the stands in wood-mosaic.

Since the Sunday James Merrick and Bill Brunt had never met.

And now Saturday had come.

It was the day on which the awards were to be given to the successful competitors.

The Town Hall was well filled with workmen and their wives, with the members of the committee, and friends of every class interested in the subject of technical training.

A gentleman of note had come down from London on purpose to inspect and impartially judge of the work.

He now stood forward upon the platform, and, after praising the skill and industry shown by the many competitors and giving special mention to various articles, he continued to say: 'We have here two most interesting specimens of wood-mosaic, not before exhibited in our part of the country. They are both extremely well executed, but one of them is, I may say, perfect; others, as well as myself, being totally unable to distinguish the design from a painting.'

Then he added, in a kindly tone, 'I shall be glad to be acquainted with the artist who has chosen the motto 'Victory'—lifting from the table near him as he spoke a brown paper parcel bearing the self-same motto.

A flush of disappointment rose to Mary's cheek on hearing the motto read, but Bill whispered gently, 'Never mind, Mary—I did my best.'

To their surprise, at the same moment they saw James Merrick leave his place and move towards the platform. His face was deadly pale, and his look and whole bearing different to what they had ever before seen in him.

'Don't be bashful, my man,' said the London artist, as James stepped slowly towards him. 'You may indeed be proud of your handiwork.'

There was a moment's pause, whilst all eyes were turned towards the platform, as James Merrick, in a steady voice, pronounced the words, 'I did not do the work, sir.'

'You did not do it?'—in a tone of astonishment. 'Then why claim this motto?'

'I wanted to get the medal to spite——'

His questioner's countenance fell. He had, by dint of industry and perseverance, with God's help, as he always said, made himself a great name in the world, and this action on the part of James Merrick, whom he was about so heartily to encourage, grieved him sorely.

'Yes,' went on the workman, looking in the direction where Bill had been sitting—'yes, I changed the wrappers and put my stand into the one that had on it the motto Perseverance, but God has shown me my sinfulness.'

'And who is the man you have thus wronged?'

'William Brunt, or Ready Bill, as they call him,' he said, once more turning to look in Bill's direction. 'Oh! can he ever forgive me?'

But already Bill stood beside him. 'Yes, he can, James and has done so already, and God will forgive any bad thoughts you may have had if you do but ask Him.'

It was a touching scene, and more than one eye was moist, as the two men stood there for a moment in silence, grasping each other's hand.

'Yes, Ready Bill is right,' said the artist of the Royal Academy, stooping to raise from the table a small gold medal; 'if it were not so, you would not have had the courage to confess what you have done before us all assembled here. Come forward, both of you,' he added; and on their doing so, he continued: 'William Brunt has well deserved this gold medal, which I now have the pleasure of fastening on his breast; but there is one for James Merrick also'—and he attached a silver one to the coat of his fellow-workman, then, laying his hand kindly upon the shoulder of the latter, 'We will reserve the mottoes, my men,' he said. 'William Brunt has been crowned with Victory, but henceforth Perseverance shall be the motto of James Merrick—perseverance in every undertaking in life, and, above all, in the way of righteousness, upon which he has this day entered; nor can we have any fears for his future well-being with such a friend to stand by him as Ready Bill.'

The Academician was right. No firmer friends than Bill and James are now could well be found.

Many a pretty piece of wood mosaic has since found its way into the Brunts' little parlor, where James spends his Sundays. How they got there, to be discovered by one or other of the couple on their coming downstairs of a morning, we cannot tell; but when they are shown to James Merrick, who always looks happy and contented, he too wonders how they got there, but pretends to know nothing at all about it.

Vice is to be prohibited, let the difficulties in exacting the law be what they may.—Lord Chesterfield.

A Lesson in Love.

'I can't go to school for six weeks!' Ethel had come into the room and thrown herself on a couch in a perfect abandon of despair.

'Oh, my dear?' Mother turned toward her with a face deep concern. 'You have been—'

'Yes, I've been to see the doctor. My knee has been aching worse and worse since I had that fall on the ice, and he says that unless I give it a season of absolute rest, I may be lame for life.'

Mother exclaimed in dismay.

'Yes, he did. If 'twas anything less than that, I'd brave it out till the end of school. But he said it gravely, and it frightens me. I don't dare to keep on. But, mother, it will lose me my chance of the month at the Exposition next summer, for that is to be given to the one who passes with the highest marks.'

'But, dear, you can study at home.'

'Yes, mother, but not with the same advantages as going into the class. And some of us are so even in our marks that the difference would be enough to spoil my chance.'

'I'm sorry for you, my daughter. If I could order it differently for you, I would, but seeing that a wiser one than I has ordered it we must try to believe it right.'

Ethel made an impatient movement. She was not ready to see any right about it, and her mother wisely said no more.

'I wouldn't mind it half so much,' the young girl began again, after a long silence, 'If it were not that my dropping out would throw it right into the hands of that Carter girl.'

'Who is she?'

'Oh, she's a girl who hasn't been at school very long. They've moved here lately, I believe. None of us girls like her. She dresses better than most of us, and I guess she's as proud as a peacock, for she never comes to see one of us and never asks to her house. She and I are the ones most likely to get the prize, and I hate to have her get it. But I can't help myself.'

To please her mother, Ethel kept at her studies, but in a half-hearted way, refusing all the time to believe that she could do such work as would enable her to resume her place in school with any hope of winning the coveted prize.

She lay one day, thinking over all it was to her—not only the reward, but all the delights leading up to it, the weeks of study made pleasant by intercourse with friends equally interested with herself, the excitement of the closing days, the public exercises, the lights, the music, and the appreciative audience. These last she might hope to enjoy, but not with the gratification of success and the accompanying applause.

'Miss Carter wishes to see you.'

Ethel's mother ushered in a tall girl, shy and constrained, but with a tone and manner which showed her undoubtedly a lady.

'Good afternoon,' said Ethel, much surprised by the unexpected visit and a little confused by the remembrance of having shown scant courtesy to the stranger.

'How are you to-day?' asked Janet Carter. 'I heard you were kept in by a hurt.'

'Yes,' said Ethel, with a rueful shake of the head.

'Too bad, just at such a time. I know you were working so hard for the prize.'

There was something very winning in the tone of quiet, sincere sympathy. Ethel's feeling had been one of antagonism to the girl who, by reason of her own misfortune, would probably occupy the place which she coveted, but now she found herself pouring out her burden of woe—the weariness of the long hours, her discouraged attempts at keeping up her studies, her disappointment at losing the prize for which she had worked so hard.

'That is what I came to talk about,' said Janet. 'I believe you might win it.'

'Why—why—' Ethel gazed at her in amazement. 'I thought you were trying for it yourself, and that you were sure of getting it—especially now that I am out of the way.'

'I am not trying for it,' said Janet. 'And I came to see if I could not help you to it.'

'But why don't you want it?'

'Never mind,' said the other. 'I like to stand well in school, but I could not go to the Exposition if I had the chance.'

'But—why do you want to put it in my way, more than any of the others?'

'Oh, because you are having a hard time of it, I guess,' said Janet, with a smile. 'I have had some trouble myself, and some shut-up times, so I know what it is. Now to business. I can get out for a little while every day, but scarcely ever in the evening. If I come to you and go over the lesson with you, giving all the points we gather in the class, don't you think you'd have courage to go on?'

'But I don't see,' replied Ethel, conscience-smitten with the thought of kindness she might have shown and had not, 'why you want to do all this for me when—when—'

'We're poor creatures if we can't do something for each other, are we not? I'll come about this time to-morrow if you'll let me.'

'Oh, Mother,' said Ethel to her mother after her visitor had gone, 'to think of her doing such a thing when I don't deserve it of her. She's a stranger, and she always looked as if she had something hard to bear, but I never tried to make friends with her, just because I have so many friends and didn't need her. Now that I do need her, she comes to me.'

'It is the true spirit of Christ, dear. I have heard something about Janet and can guess that she has indeed a heavy burden to bear. Her mother is an invalid and her mind is also a little affected—enough to make her very unreasonable and hard to get along with, poor thing. She clings to her daughter, and Janet can never go out evenings or have any company at home.'

'And I never tried to give her any little lift in the bearing of her burden! Oh, mother, I am ashamed of myself!'

With the kind assistance of her new friend, Ethel worked for the prize and won it. Janet was present at the closing exercises, and as Ethel turned from all other affectionate congratulations to meet her glance, full of the light of warm sympathy, her heart glowed with a feeling which had never before found place there.

'I believe—I do believe that there is a gladness in being purely unselfish that we never find in anything else.'

And that sweet lesson, taken well to heart, well repaid many weeks of monotony and suffering.—Sydney Dayre, in 'Sabbath School Visitor.'

A Strange Compact.

One day two college classmates were talking jokingly about death and the inevitable tombstone inscriptions that they thought too often misrepresent character. They considered themselves quite the equals in good morals of the best men with whom they were acquainted, and as deserving of laudatory epitaphs as the silent men whose virtues in life are proclaimed in our graveyards.

'I am willing to stand by anything I say or do in this life, and hereafter, as well,' said the younger of the two. 'I am sure I am as good as the average man, to say the least.'

'That, I think, is beyond dispute,' answered his friend. 'Our lives and words show what we are to-day. The future will also show what we are then. But I've been thinking while we have been laughing, and am inclined to make a suggestion. It is this: suppose we make an agreement—that is, if you are willing to stand by your words—that it is our wish that the last sentences we utter in life shall be the epitaphs to be placed upon our tombstones.'

'Agreed!' cried the other, hastily and almost without thought, and they at once drew up their agreement in legal style.

Years passed. The two men drifted apart. Their strange compact lost its significance, and was almost forgotten.

One day the elder of the two took up a paper and read the announcement of the death of his friend. Then he remembered the contract. He found the agreement, put it into his pocket, and took the train for the place of his friend's death.

He found that the dead man had been a widower for some years. The visitor was cordially received at the house of mourning by an only child, a son just growing into manhood.

'Do you know what your father's last words were?' asked the newcomer.

'No, sir; he died suddenly of apoplexy, in his store.'

The friend went to the store. There he put the same question. An embarrased silence answered him. He insisted on a reply, stating that he had good reasons for making the request. The head clerk then took him apart and explained:

'Your friend died in his office in a fit of anger. He was unfortunately given to violent attacks of temper, and I suppose at this time it was the rush of blood to the head that carried him off. He had just received a letter, stating that a customer had failed who was owing us a large bill. This made him furious, and he began to curse. I hesitate to repeat them, sir, but if you feel that you must insist upon it, his last words were—'

The white-haired man whispered a blasphemous sentence in the shocked ears of his listener. To have engraved it upon a tombstone would have blasted the dead man's name with absolute dishonor.

Very greatly moved, the visitor took the agreement from his pocket, and with trembling fingers tore it into tiny bits, and put them into the fire. Under these circumstances it was impossible for him to carry that declaration to the house of mourning.

He buried his friend. Then he went home. The moral shock he had received and the thoughts that followed gave life a serious meaning to him. Death now took upon itself the office of a judge. It assumed control of his thoughts, and caused him resolutely to set a guard upon his lips.

Weeks passed. His self-restraint ripened into habit, and took on a higher moral purpose. New views came to him of God and of his own relations to men. His words ere long became the expression of reverent sentiment, and his character assumed unconsciously the attitude of sincere, upright living. Changed, enlightened, purified, he had entered a higher plane of life.

Could words from the dying lips of such a man shock the living and bring dishonor to the dead?—'Youth's Companion.'

Herbert's New Knife.

Herbert Grant had several presents on his eighth birthday, and one was a new knife, sent from Aldershot by his big soldier-brother, Harold. This knife pleased him more than anything else, for he had never had one of his own, and he had often wished for one; his mother, however, was sorry when she saw it.

'Oh, dear! I wish Harold had not sent you such a dangerous thing,' she said; 'I am sure you ought not to have it to use until you are older, Herbert.'

'No, indeed!' agreed his father; 'and you must either give it to me to take care of, or put it away in your treasure-box, and promise not to take it out without leave from your mother or myself.'

Herbert hung down his head and looked cross; but he knew that it was of no use to try to have his own way in the matter, so he answered slowly, 'I—I will put it in my box, father.'

'You must promise not to use it without leave, dear,' said his mother.

Herbert gave the promise, and for a time he kept his word. But one day, when he went home from school, and found that his mother had gone to the station to meet his cousin, Janey, he told himself that he had a good chance to take out his knife and use it. 'No one will know,' he said.

Ah! surely he forgot that the eyes of our God are in every place.

Well, he went to his room and fetched the knife, and was busy cutting notches in a stick when he heard his mother and Janey coming; then he threw the stick away, slipped the knife into his pocket, and ran to meet them.

He put his treasure back into his box that night, but took it out again the next morning, and made up his mind to carry it about with him until his father came home. Mr. Grant had gone to London for a week on business.

Herbert's cousin, Janey, was about as old as himself; she was a bright little girl, and hoped to have lots of merry games with him,

MY HAND! OH, MY POOR HAND!

as she had always done when staying there; but she was disappointed. Herbert kept away from her and roamed off by himself; this was because he wished to amuse himself with his knife, and he was afraid to let her see it, in case she should tell his mother.

Poor Janey was rather dull sometimes, and one afternoon, on seeing her alone on the lawn, her aunt told her to go and tell Herbert to come and play there. 'Tell him that I sent you to fetch him, dear,' she said. 'You will find him in the orchard, I think.'

Janey went at once, and a few minutes later caught sight of him lying under a large apple-tree.

She went so quietly that he did not hear her until she was quite close to him; then he turned suddenly, and in so doing pushed out his feet, and she fell over them.

The next instant she gave a loud scream of pain, then moaned, 'My hand! oh, my poor hand!' and to Herbert's horror, he saw that she had fallen with one hand upon his knife, which, in trying to hide under his jacket, he had dropped on the ground on its back, with one blade open.

His mother had heard the scream, and was quickly on the spot, and great was her grief on seeing what had happened.

Poor Janey's hand was so badly cut that for weeks she could not use it.

Of course, Herbert was very sorry, but he could not undo the harm done by his disobedience.

His father and mother were more vexed with him than they had ever been before. He never saw his knife again, and on his next birthday he had no present from his brother Harold.—Daphne Hammonde in 'The Prize.'

Help One Another.

Of all the joys that life affords,
From childhood's sunny morning,
Until the paling western sky
Of night's approach gives warning,
There's none that springs so swift and sure,
Delights less pure to smother
As that which thrills and warms the heart.
When helping one another.

If days and nights seem born to us
To be consumed by sorrow,
If hourly we have vainly craved
A happier to-morrow.
If from ourselves we loving turn,
To some pain-stricken brother,
The sorriest night finds dawning bright,
With helping one another.

'Tis selfish grief that deadliest clings;
But, Christ-like lessons heeding,
We'll find life's devious onward way
To sunnier heights still leading;
Till when these bodies, weak and worn,
Have sought the common mother,
Our souls may joyful sing and soar
For having helped each other.

—'Everybody's Magazine.'

The Small Things.

(By Sydney Dayre in 'S. S. Times.')

'What a little fop he is! Before I'd be so particular about how I look'—

Rob Harper had come behind Philip Ray up the long flight of stairs leading to the schoolroom, and now paused a moment's time to watch him as he stopped in the anteroom. A small mirror hung there, and Phil took a glance into it, smoothing his hair and settling his necktie. Then, seizing a bit of paper which lay there, he dusted his shoes with it, and went on into the schoolroom. Rob winked to two or three boys behind him.

'Mama's bandbox boy!' he lisped, tiptoeing up to the glass. He gazed into it, smirking and making an exaggerated pretence of arranging his hair and neckwear.

Some of the boys laughed, but another said with an emphasis which showed that he meant it:

'If you looked as nice as Phil always does, you'd want to stay there longer.'

'If he ever should look so,' said another with a boy's quickness falling into the spirit of what had been said, 'he'd be so paralyzed with astonishment that he'd stay forever.'

Rob turned quickly, not merely in annoyance at what had been said, but, in truth, because he did not like what he had seen in the mirror. He did not often look into one. Too careless to pay attention to the small neatnesses of dress, he professed to feel a fine contempt for those who held them important.

'I'm no dandy,' he said, half angrily.

'Right you are there, Robbie, my boy.'

'If anybody ever accuses you of that, come to us, and we'll see you righted,' said another in mock belligerency.

Rob did not feel comfortable as he took his seat in the schoolroom. Still affecting to despise Philip's 'finnicky ways,' as he called them, he had, notwithstanding, by his glance into the mirror, realized the fact that he stood as far below the average of a neat appearance among his mates as Philip stood above it. His mother constantly reproved him, his sisters fretted at him, his teacher gazed at him with disapproval, but he had not cared until now even the boys were noticing his untidiness, and seemed to feel a kind of admiration of Philip's neatness.

'I don't care. Phil Ray can't come near me on scholarship,' he muttered to himself.

'There's a visiting committee up in the office,' the teacher said soon after the opening of the afternoon session. 'They want to see a few of the boys of your class. You can go up and wait in the hall until you are called in.'

She spoke the names of half a dozen boys, Philip's being among the number. Her eye rested for a moment on Rob, and she hesitated. But he always stood well in his classes, so he was soon following the others.

He stepped hastily into the anteroom, to find Phil already there, giving the attention to his person which had become habitual to him.

'I'd like to get this ink off my hands,' he said, rubbing them with soap, 'but when you get ink on, it's there to stay awhile.'

Rob looked at his own hands. He would have been proud if what he saw there had been only ink. Once or twice his uncared-for finger nails had been close beside Philip's as they worked on the blackboard, and he had been able to observe the difference.

'Phil,' he began in confusion, 'I —don't like to go up there before those folks looking so. If you'd just straighten my necktie a little, —the catch doesn't seem to work.'

Phil turned, ready to give kindly help. As the two stood before the mirror, Rob's color rose higher. The right side of his vest was one button higher than the left side. The button which should have secured his soiled collar was gone, and it had slipped up behind, while his loosely fastened tie had sagged down before.

He was afraid Phil would laugh, but he did not seem to think of it as he set a pin in the collar and tightened the tie. Then he took out a pocket-comb, offering it with a half-apologetic smile as he said:

'Mother likes to see me keep neat, and I like to please her.'

'I—think it's the best way,' began Rob awkwardly, wishing to say something, and not thinking of anything else.

'Yes,' went on Phil, as he rubbed away at some mud spots on Robert's coat; 'she says that when we really want to do our best, and amount to something,—and I'm sure we do'—

'I do, really,' said Rob humbly.

'That it's a pity we should stop short of the small things, that don't go so far on what a fellow really is, perhaps, but—that'—Phil stammered with a boyish dislike to appear to be giving counsel—'make us seem a little pleasanter, you know'—

'Yes, yes,' said Rob.

It had not taken more than a minute, but, as the two went up together, Rob did more thinking than he had done in many an hour before. Phil had given him prompt and kindly assistance, without a thought of making fun of him, as many boys would have done. As he worked problems on the board with his usual quickness, another problem was working itself out in his mind; to wit, whether the ready kindness was not a part of the gentlemanly and Christian instinct which would lead a boy to pay attention to the small graces which go to the making up of a gentleman, perhaps a Christian.

A Drop of Ink.

'I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott,' pouted Walter Brown. 'I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars and sometimes swear. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him good.'

'Walter,' said his mother, 'take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it.'

He did so.

'O mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?'

'Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in it and restore its purity,' said his mother.

'Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that.'

'No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him.'—'American Paper.'

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 19.

Public Reading of the Scriptures.

Nehemiah viii., 1-12. Memory verses 1-3, Read Nehemiah xii., and Luke iv., 16-22.

Golden Text.

'The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law.' Neh. viii., 3.

Home Readings.

M. Neh. 8: 1-12. Public Reading of the Scriptures.
T. Neh. 8: 13 to 9:3. Obeying the law.
W Deut 11: 13-21 God's Word to be studied
Th. Psalm 119: 1-16. Delight in the Word.
F. 2 Kings 22: 3-13. The Scriptures believed
S. Jer. 36: 9-24. The Word rejected.
Su. Psalm 19: 7-14. Reward in keeping.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. And all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ez'ra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Mo'ses, which the Lord had commanded to Is'ra-el.

School.—2. And Ez'ra the priest brought the law before the congregation both of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding, upon the first day of the seventh month.

3. And he read therein before the street that was before the water gate from the morning until midday, before the men and the women, and those that could understand; and the ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law.

4. And Ez'ra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose; and beside him stood Mat-tithi'ah, and She'ma, and An-a-i'ah, and U-ri'jah, and Hil-ki'ah, and Ma-a-se'iah on his right hand; and on his left hand, Pe-da'iah, and Mish'a-el, and Mal-chi'ah, and Ha'shum, and Hashbad'a-na, Zech-a-ri'ah, and Me-shul'lam.

5. And Ez'ra opened the book in the sight of all the people; (for he was above all the people;) and when he opened it, all the people stood up:

6. And Ez'ra blessed the Lord the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands; and they bowed their heads, and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground.

7. Also Jesh'u-a, and Ba'ni, and Sher-e-bi'ah, Ja'min, Ak'min, Shab-beth'a-i, and the Le'vites, caused the people to understand the law: and the people stood in their place.

8. So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading.

9. And Ne-he-mi'ah which is the Tir'shatha, and Ez'ra the priest the scribe, and the Le'vites that taught the people, said unto all the people, This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not, nor weep. For all the people wept, when they heard the words of the law.

10. Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength.

11. So the Le'vites stilled all the people, saying, Hold your peace, for the day is holy; neither be ye grieved.

12. And all the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them.

Suggestions.

Nehemiah had brought the people together and made them feel their common bond in the need of building the walls of Jerusalem for protection. Then he had appealed to the rich to make restitution to their poorest brethren of the pledges and mortgages they had taken from them (Neh. v., 11, 12), thus fostering the spirit of brotherliness and unity.

But Nehemiah found that many abuses had crept into the life of the dwellers in Jerusalem mostly through ignorance of what God required of his people. They seem to have had no copy of the law, as the Scriptures were then called, until Ezra returned after thirteen years' absence in which he had probably been copying the Scriptures, containing the law of God and the history of God's people, and putting them into their present shape. When the Jews had finished building the wall, and had got a more settled and secure feeling, they gladly gathered themselves together to hear the wonderful law of God read. All the men and women and children who could understand the reading gathered in the public square near the watergate and listened with close attention while Ezra read from early morning until noon time.

Ezra stood on a sort of tower or pulpit with thirteen of the leading men of Jerusalem, and the people all stood round to listen, they probably sat down to listen to the explanations, but stayed in the same place all the time. A great many of the Levites helped also in the explanation of the law.

Before beginning to read, Ezra solemnly, yet joyfully praised God for his wonderful law, and the people joined in the worship saying, Amen, Amen. Then Ezra and perhaps the thirteen nobles with him, read loudly and distinctly the words of the book, and gave the meaning. The people hearing the holy and just decrees of Jehovah, began to realize how greatly their thoughts and conduct differed from his requirments. And with the sight of their shortcomings and sin, they were filled with sorrow, and wept.

But Nehemiah, the governor, bid the people not to keep on mourning, but to rejoice in that this holy and righteous God was also all powerful, and joy in the Lord would be the strength to keep his holy law. The joy of the Lord is your stronghold from danger and temptation. The joy of the Lord makes us strong against discouragement and evil. The joy of the Lord is so engrossing and satisfying, that we can afford to despise, the pleasures of this world. To keep filled with the joy of the Lord, we must live in the presence of the Lord, drinking in constantly his life and peace and joy.

'The Jews began to understand that Jehovah was the God of life and joy, not sadness. So they spent the rest of that day in gladness and feasting, and sending good cheer to the poorer ones or those who had no homes. So we on our feast days, Christmas, New Year's day or Thanksgiving, should not only be joyful ourselves, but should see that others are made glad in our joy (Luke xiv., 12-14). There are always those for whom nothing is provided, unless we send a festal portion, there are always those who are homeless and particularly lonely on such days unless we invite them to share the joy of our homes. A single act of loving hospitality may by the grace of God save some young life from destruction, or reclaim a wanderer by the thoughts of God's love shown forth in the lives of his children.

The reason that this particular day was holy, was that it was the first day of the seventh month (Neh. vii., 73: Lev. xxiii., 24). one of the extra Sabbaths or holy days of which there were eight in the Jewish year.

The next day the people gathered together again to hear the law read. When they found that the children of Israel were commanded to keep the feast of tabernacles in the seventh month, they immediately got branches of trees and made booths to dwell in. They kept the feast seven days according to the command, reading and studying the Scriptures diligently. (Deut. xvi., 13-15).

As they continued to study the law they continued to amend their life to its precepts. They began to sustain the temple worship and to keep the Sabbath holy. When a sincere man studies the law of God, his life begins to change. The best laws, and all good laws the world over, are founded on the Scriptures.

The Bible Class.

God's law—Matt. v., 17-24: xxii., 36-40: John 1., 17: Gal. v., 3, 4: Heb. vii., 19: Ps. 1., 1-3; xix., 7-11: xxxvii., 31; xl., 8; cxix., 1, 2, 9, 11, 18, 24, 29, 30, 62. 72, 92, 97, 111, 113, 142, 163, 165.

Joy—Ps. xxx., 5: Hab. iii., 17, 18: Luke vi., 23: Isa. xxxv., 10: Zeph. iii., 17: Matt. xxv., 21: I Thess. 1., 6: Acts v., 41; xiii., 52.

Primary Lesson.

The Bible is a wonderful Book. In it God tells us what we are like naturally, and what we must be like as his children, and how to be like him.

God is holy and just and merciful, and he wants us to be the same. But no man can keep the commandments of God, in his own strength. Only by having our hearts made clean by the blood of Jesus, and by having him living in our hearts to keep them clean, can we please God.

In the Bible we find stories about real men, good men who obeyed God, and bad men who disobeyed him. We find there, too, the stories of children. Samuel, whose mother gave him to God and who lived in the temple and served God there. David, a shepherd lad who loved God and whom God chose to be king over Israel. The little Jewish girl who was carried away to be a slave in a heathen country, who told Naaman the wealthy leper, that there was a prophet in Israel whose God could heal the worst diseases. She was a little foreign missionary.

We should study the Gospel stories over and over again. They are true because they are about Jesus, the Truth. We must ask the Holy Spirit to make us understand the Word of God, and to keep remembering the Lord Jesus.

The Bible is like a letter from God to us. If you had a letter from your mother, or some dear friend far away, would you not be anxious to read it and to understand what it said? Would you not think often of the words in the letter and try to do the things it suggested?

If God loves us enough to send us such a big letter, should not we love him enough to want to read it and understand it?

Junior C. E.

Nov. 26. For what to praise God, and how? Psa. 8: 1-9. (A Thanksgiving meeting.)

C. E Topic.

Nov. 26. Our return for the Lord's benefits. Ps. 116: 12-19. (A thanksgiving meeting.)

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—SOCIAL PHASE.

1. Q.—Give the great moral principle by which society is governed?

A.—No one has a right to do anything which in the least interferes with the rights and well-being of others.

2. Q.—Does the tobacco user violate this principle?

A.—He most certainly does, by exposing those who do not use it to the poisonous breath and smoke which he causes.

3. Q.—Is he guilty of wrong-doing when he acts in this manner?

A.—Yes; no man can break the golden rule without doing wrong, and the tobacco user undoubtedly does commit a wrong.

4. Q.—Is the tobacco habit a social custom?

A.—It is, and its evil effects may be plainly seen upon the thousands of boys and men who are rendered unfit to cope with the labor and trials of life.

5. Q.—To what does this habit tend?

A.—By the associations which it encourages, the habit tends only to evil. A love for strong drink, for gambling, and a life of crime, shame, and misery is often the result.

6. Q.—What does the use of tobacco involve?

A.—A needless and sinful waste of time, strength, and money.

7. Q.—Why is the use of tobacco a waste of money?

A.—Because 'tobacco nourishes no man,

clothes no man, instructs no man, purifies no man, enriches no man, blesses no man.'

8. Q.—What more can you say on this question?

A.—The use of tobacco yields no interest, there is no value or dividend received, nor any conceivable benefit derived from the use of tobacco.

9. Q.—What do the people complain of?

A.—Of hard times, but if this waste were stopped, the hard times would be greatly lessened.

10. Q.—What do tobacco users do?

A.—Every one who uses it sanctions all that is unclean, disagreeable, filthy, and disgusting in the tobacco habit.

11. Q.—How should we direct our aims?

A.—Both to moral suasion and to legal prohibition, and let all our efforts be for total abstinence from both alcoholic drinks and tobacco.

An October Cellar.

'Pretty as a picture,' she remarked as we walked into an inner room of my friend's cellar. It had been dug deep down, the walls white-washed, and doors and windows tightly fastened. If you want to judge of a family's physical health visit the cellar, instead of the parlor, or even kitchen.

By the looks of this bulb room we didn't have to be told that his boys and girls were red checked, bright eyed, and affectionate. Here is a barrel of onions, better than a whole drug store to keep the family toned up. My sensible friend said:

'We have them served on the table twice a week, and if I am threatened with a sleepless night, I eat one raw, and then I shake my fingers at nerves and wakefulness.'

What onions can't cure, apples can, and here are two barrels.

'I never stint the children,' said he. 'They eat them at meals and between, and just before bed time. They are particularly good to guard against colds and throat troubles. I had a croupy boy that we never were sure wouldn't rout us out of bed, with his terrible attacks, but he hasn't disturbed us for months. I make sure he eats one or two apples every evening.'

Then there were baskets of turnips, beets, and, of course, potatoes.

'We have an eye for beauty as well as the stomach,' continued my friend as he pointed to some hanging shelves. On them were two dozen hyacinths, and the same of jonquils, with boxes of tulips and crocus and one large jar with an Easter lily bulb. These were all quietly attending to business, filling the pots with roots, and the latter part of the winter they will be placed in the sunny front windows upstairs to gladden the household and make the passersby more cheerful.

My friend was a salaried clerk and I wondered how he could afford to make such a display in his cellar. He seemed to know my thoughts and said:

'I used to be a great smoker, and cigars cost no little sum in a year. For health's sake I left off and put my money into bulbs; for all these,' pointing to onions, potatoes, etc., 'belong to one family. We are all benefited by the change, and certainly I am more healthy and happy.'

Let's all try to have nice October cellars, clean, frost proof, and stocked with onions, apples and vegetables, and a few flowering bulbs at least, for future beauty.

Sleep, not Alcohol.

Many people believe that a little spirit is the only thing to help them through a heavy piece of work or to overcome mental depression. On the contrary the 'Medical Journal' says:

'The best possible thing a man can do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.'

In answer to the question, 'Is beer of any value in sickness or health?' the 'Christian Commonwealth' replied to a correspondent as follows:—'No; beer is only a dirty decoction of germ-infested malt. It is fairly alive with germs of many kinds—those derived from the malt, those furnished by the yeast, and those which came along with the dirty water generally used by brewers, which is nothing more nor less, in the majority of cases, than the public water supply, or some worse supply; and yet thousands of people drink beer 'because the water is bad!' Bad water flavored with alcohol and hops retains all its original depravity, with added power for mischief. The only essential difference between the various kinds of beer is in the amount of alcohol which they contain. The average proportion is 3 to 5 percent. Some of the 'small beers' contain not more than half of 1 percent, when freshly made, but the amount steadily increases for a number of days, and may become 2 or 3 percent within a week. Root beer which is quite largely used by temperance people, is no exception to the rule. The same is true of all beers or other beverages which are made by the aid of fermentation.'

Correspondence

Lacombe, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—Our former teacher sent for the 'Messenger' for us when she was teaching. Her name was Miss Cameron. I have two sisters, the eldest's name being Myrtle, and the youngest's Ivy. I am learning the Shorter Catechism. I would like to get the prize they give for saying it. We are ten miles from town.

FLORENCE (aged 10.)

Melbourne.

Dear Editor,—I live in Melbourne in the county of Middlesex. I have two pets, an old dog, and a little one. I go to Sabbath-school, and I like my teacher very much. We have a new school, and a new teacher. EDNA P. (aged 9.)

Napinka, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the letters in the 'Messenger,' and they are very interesting, especially C. E. W.'s letter which gave the description of a prairie fire, which I thought to be very nice, as I like that kind of reading. We live about a mile and a quarter from Napinka. It is a small town with a population of about one hundred and fifty. I belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion, but it closed for the winter. We will all be glad when it opens again in the spring. My mother belongs to the W. C. T. U., and they are getting up a medal contest. The Methodists of our town are preparing to build a new church. We will be so glad to have a new church to hold our services and Sunday-school in. I have been trying to get subscribers for the 'Messenger.' I think I will take it always as it is such a nice paper.

BESSIE (aged 10.)

Elm Grove Farm, Little Britain.

Dear Editor,—In our township we have local option law, and don't have any drunken men. In the winter, I sometimes hitch my goat to the hand sleigh.

STANLEY D. (aged 9.)

Middleboro.

Dear Editor,—I have written to you before, and saw my name in the list of names. My father is a farmer, my oldest brother is a blacksmith. My sister took the 'Messenger' last year, and I take it this year, and think it the best paper I ever had.

AINSLEY (aged 13.)

Johnville, Compton Co. Quebec.

Dear Editor,—I have a dear little baby brother three months old. His name is Grover Thornton. I went to school until the snow got too deep for me to walk in. Now I say lessons at home to my mamma. We sent the 'Messenger' to my cousins for Christmas presents. One of them is named Mary, one Evelyn, and one Leona. Leona lives far away in the North-West. Mamma reads the longest stories to me. The one about the little girl and boy that got left at the wrong station, made me cry. I have a lovely book of bible stories for Sunday.

ALICE S. LOUISE.

Aberdour.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for over twenty years, and this year it comes in my name. I went to Sabbath school all last summer, and got a book, and a card as a prize, when it closed in the fall. Mother always makes us a good plate of taffy on our birthday.

ALEX M. (aged 10.)

Cobble Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My aunt sent me the 'Messenger' last year, and I am taking it this year. I like to read the Correspondence and Little Folks. I go about two miles to school, and two miles and a half to Sunday-school. I have a cousin teaching both my schools. We live on a farm in West Missouri. FLORENCE T. R.

Linden, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My papa keeps the post-office. My brother is eleven years old. He has taken the 'Messenger' for eight years. I think it is a very nice paper.

EMILY E. (aged 6.)

Richmond Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Richmond Hill, is a very pretty village, having maple trees on almost every street. Four of my sisters and myself belong to the Mission Band; there are about thirty girls and five boys belonging to it. We are going to have an At Home in a few weeks, for which we are preparing a good programme. ANNIE S.

Dummer.

Dear Editor,—We have ten sheep. I like sheep. We live in upper Canada, in the Township of Dummer. I think that Canada is a prosperous place, because God blesses it. My Sunday-school teacher gave me a Bible. I like the 'Messenger.' I am the little girl that tried very hard to get a large club, but I only got two. I have a pet hen that can almost talk English. R. G.

Victoria, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in the capital of British Columbia. It is a very pretty city. We have some beautiful buildings, the Parliament buildings are greatly admired by all visitors, they are built from the plan of government buildings in England. At Christmas time there was a very funny thing happened to our Christmas turkey; when it was being prepared for the oven, a letter was found inside, and when we opened it, we found it was written by a little girl back in Ontario, where the turkey had been raised. She hoped it would be tender and fat enough, and so it was. My sister wrote to the little girl, but she hasn't answered it. Some years we have very little winter weather, no skating, no sleighing, but this winter we have had both. I go to school where there are more than four hundred scholars. I go to the Central Presbyterian Sunday-school. We have been holding our Sabbath school in an unused public school building, and now as the school buildings are filled to overflowing, they will need our Sunday-school for day school. Each scholar has been asked to try and raise money to help build a school for ourselves, and the Boy's Brigade. We all enjoy reading letters in the 'Messenger' from your little friends. KATIE M. ((aged 9.)

Caraquet.

Dear Editor,—My grandmother sent me the 'Messenger' as a New Year's gift, and we were so pleased, as mother reads it to us every night. We live in a very pretty place called Caraquet. Our home is quite near the sea, and we sometimes go out sailing in summer. I have also a little vessel which I often sail. JAMES (aged 8.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Color in Furnishings.

There are rooms in some houses that produce a sense of irritation on nerve and brain on those who are sensitive to color, so crude and harsh and jarring are the arrangements of the same. Go into another room in some other house, where all the colors soothe and delight, and you will find soft olives and dull blues and blue-greens, having an indescribably gentle influence. The blue-green or olive prevails in the carpet, the ground being deep blue and the all-over pattern *soft olive* and dull blue. The olive prevails in the long curtains, and takes on rather golden tone, while the sash curtains are entirely of the softest dull blue Indian silk, trimmed with tassel braid to match. The Holland shades are in ecru. There is an absence of conspicuous figures, pattern and ground. A bit of pale rose or yellow, or old gold, or dull red, may be used, in such a room. An old fan, for example, ornamented with a bow of pale rose satin and displayed against a light olive wall, tells for much more than against a wall flowered or figured conspicuously in a dozen different colors.

How to Buy Poultry.

When marketing, remember that if poultry is young, the end of the breast-bone is just like gristle; and that the joints are limber and the legs smooth. When fresh killed, the eyes are full and the feet moist. The feet and beak of a young goose are yellow, but if the bird has weathered too many storms, its feet and beak will be reddish color ,and bristly. If the feet are not pliable, it is a sign that the goose has been a long time dead. That fat of a young bird is whiter and softer than that of an old one. Unless the weather is very warm, all kinds of poultry, turkeys especially, are improved by hanging for a day or two.

A Chapter on Pickles.

Ripe cucumber or watermelon rind makes an acceptable relish served with either hot or cold joints. Cut the pared rind into thick slices. Boil one ounce of alum into one gallon of water, pour it on the rinds, and let them stand in it several hours on the back of the stove. Take out into cold water, and when cold boil them half an hour in a syrup made of four pounds of light-brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, one cup of mixed whole spices, stick cinnamon, cassia buds, all-spice and cloves.

Chow-Chow—Cut into pices one-half peck of green tomatoes, two large cabbages, fifteen onions, twenty-five cucumbers. Mix them together and pack them in layers with salt; let them stand for twelve hours, then drain off the brine and cover them with vinegar and water, and let them stand another twelve hours. Drain off the vinegar and cover them with one and a half gallons of scalding hot vinegar which has been boiled a few minutes with one pint of grated horse-radish one-half pound of mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, one-half cup of ground pepper, one-half cup of turmeric, one-half cup of cinnamon and four pounds of sugar. Let them stand until perfectly cold, then add one cupful of salad oil and one-half pound of ground mustard. Mix them all thoroughly together and place in jars.

Stuffed Peppers—Select the large bell peppers. Cut around the stem, remove it and take out all the seeds. For the stuffing use two quarts of chopped cabbage, a cupful of white mustard seed, three tablespoonsful of celery seed, two tablespoonsful of salt, half a cupful of grated horseradish. Fill each pepper with part of this mixture, and into each one put a small onion and a little cucumber. Tie the stem on again, put the pepper in a jar and cover with cold vinegar. A little sugar may be added if desired.

Pickled cauliflower—Take two cauliflowers, cut up; one pint of small onions, three medium-sized red peppers. Dissolve half a pint of salt in water enough to cover the vegetables and let them stand over night. In the morning drain them. Heat two quarts of vinegar, with four tablespoonfuls of mustard until it boils. Add the vegetables, and boil for about fifteen minutes, or until a fork can be thrust through the cauliflower.

Stuffed mangoes are decorative as well as appetizing. Use small green musk-melons or cantaloupes. Cut a small square from the side of each one, and, with a teaspoon, scrape out all the seeds. Make a brine of one pint of salt to a gallon of water. Cover the mangoes with it while it boils. Let them stand two days; then drain them and stuff with the same mixture as is used for peppers. Pour boiling vinegar over them, using in it a bit of alum.

Nasturtium Pickles.—Pick the nasturtium seeds green; leave a short stem on them and place them in a weak brine for two days; then soak them in fresh water for a day. Pack them in jars and turn over them boiling vinegar; seal and let them stand a month or more before using.

Green Tomato Pickle—One peck of green tomatoes, two quarts of onions, vinegar, one-half tablespoonful of cayenne, one-fourth tablespoonful of ground mustard, two pounds of brown sugar, one-half pound of white mustard-seed, one-half ounce of ground mace and one tablespoonful of celery seed, one tablespoonful of ground cloves. Slice the tomatoes and onions very thin; sprinkle a little salt through them and let them stand over night. Drain them through a colander and put them on to boil with enough vinegar to cover them, and boil slowly until they are clear and tender. Then drain them from the vinegar. Put into fresh vinegar the sugar, mustard-seed, mace, celery-seed, and cloves, and let them boil for a few minutes; then pour it over the drained tomatoes, which have been mixed with the cayenne pepper and ground mustard. Mix them well together, and when cold put in jars.

Good Chili Sauce.—Take twelve large ripe tomatoes, three green peppers, two onions, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of sugar, one of cinnamon, three cups of vinegar; peel the tomatoes and onions and chop them separately very fine. chop the peppers and add to the other ingredients, boil an hour and a half. This sauce, bottled and sealed, will keep for a long time.

A MANXMAN'S TRIBUTE.—"AN ENORMOUS FORCE."

The Hon. J. K. Ward, a Manx-Canadian, sends his copy of the leading Isle of Man paper containing the following :—

'I see from this week's 'Christian World' that there is a paper carried on on the very same lines as the imaginary one described in 'In His Steps.' It is the Montreal 'Daily Witness,' and is said to be the only one of the kind in the world. That can hardly be said to be a very creditable thing for the Christian Church. Can any one doubt that such a paper must be an enormous force on the side of purity, righteousness, and every good and noble cause? I can imagine few greater blessings that could come to any community than the presence of such a paper in its midst. Just imagine what it would be to have in this island (the Isle of Man) a newspaper absolutely free from personalities, stories of petty scandal, betting news, and advertisements of anything that could be to the moral detriment of the people. I am aware that for such a task a man of enormous courage and faith would be needed. But if such a man did arise in our midst it would be such a call to duty to all Christian people as has hardly ever come to us yet. He would have great difficulties to fight with, but I wonder what right any of us would have to call ourselves followers of Jesus if we did not stand by him and see him through. Surely this is no mere utopian dream. It ought to be perfectly feasible. If our Christian profession is a reality and not a sham; if all, or even a large portion of the Church members, were to be governed by the rule 'What would Jesus do,' they would make it quite possible for such a paper as the one described as existing in Montreal to live and flourish among us.'

"SIGN OF GREAT PROMISE."

River View Farm,
Treadwell, Ont.

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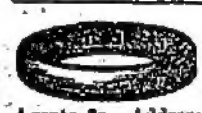

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'